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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE POWER OF A GLOWING PERSONALITY

"Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"—Luke 24:32.

The state of mind of these men on their way to Emmaeus may be thought of as typifying the condition of the world today. Since the war we have been in the presence of reaction. Lesser men have drifted in weariness and despair, and in many instances nobler men have lived to regret the dreams of yesterday.

Into the hearts of these disciples, even in the hour of darkest gloom, came an enthralling new hope, giving to old dreams fresh meaning. Their hearts burned with a sense of new allurements, of spiritual enterprises and conquests. In view of their experience, we may hope for quickening for ourselves and others.

The disciples had staked all upon a cause, or rather upon a Person. Full consciousness of our Lord's mission had not possessed them; but they had come to have a profound faith in Jesus of Nazareth and had centered all their hopes in Him. Then had fallen upon them the death of this Person whom they had so trusted. He was crucified as a malefactor; and there seemed an end to all hopes staked in Him.

It is a tribute to the shining personality of our Lord that, even in this blackest hour, a wistful loyalty reveals itself in His disciples. Cruel disillusionment cannot shake from their hearts a dim expectancy that in some way the situation may yet be remedied. There is more than the note of loyalty in the words: "We trusted that it had been He which should redeem Israel."

Then suddenly a stranger joins them on the way, asking: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?"

In response to the quickening voice of the Stranger they feel new hopes, envisage a new realm, are moved to action, and go on to work for the conquest of the world in the name of Him whom they have trusted.

If this world could have a vision of Jesus of Nazareth, it might work new conquests.

I would not disparage the importance of organization in spiritual enterprise in an age when all life is established on the basis of big movements. Yet it is not by organization that new aspiration and new hope arise, but by the power of new contacts.

The mountain-tops of vision give men glowing words that bring conviction of new experiences.

Let me say a word as to the contents of Jesus' message. "He opened to them the Scriptures." This was the cause of their waking. What were these Scriptures? The Old Testament canon. Its words had not always been received by minds so reverent. Its authors had suffered for their faith and vision. Their words had not been understood. Perhaps they are not yet understood altogether. In a sense, these disciples knew the words as well as Jesus. But He *opened to them their meaning.*

These records of experience, hope, vision, the communion with God of great souls of the past, God has used to make known His truth in the world. Back of the Bible there is experience.

Every thought of the Bible has come to expression because men first lived it. Jesus, on the way to Emmaeus, revealed

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the living thought of Scripture. He began with Moses. Who was Moses? One who endured as seeing Him who is invisible; a man who loved freedom and in his love found new fellowship with God; a man who felt and confessed the sins of his people, as the suffering Servant of Isaiah bore the sins of men. As Jesus opened the Scriptures, His *living Personality became real* to these men and they understood and thrilled at the thought.

I suppose that all of us have in life enlightening moments. Often as we view a landscape, our companion remarks upon something that we have not seen. Then a finger is pointed, as we, also, see.

Is not this the function of a great religious teacher—to make men see? We have thought so long in terms of science that we forget the sudden gleam in life when all is changed by the glory of vision.

Jesus opened to them the Scriptures. We must open the Scriptures to men.

We must enable people to grasp the teachings of the Bible; must bring men under the power of God, to whom the Scriptures lead; must take away the veil; must teach the spirit, not the letter, and so open the Scriptures to men.

Dr. John Daniel Jones, of Bournemouth, has a sermon on "Many other things did Jesus in the presence of His disciples which are not written in this book." Dr. Jones seeks to point out what would be the results of the life of Jesus lived constantly in the world today, every enterprise being an expression of His spirit.

God is writing great things in the chapters still going on. If we were not dull of heart, we should understand the glory of this record.

There are spiritual capacities in ordinary men, if we only could discover them. There they are, ready to respond to some great revealing appeal or pointing out of Jesus. God is still writing in the hearts and lives of men.

Every man is worth while. The two men on the Emmaeus road said: "We trusted that it had been He that should redeem Israel." That day Jesus taught these disciples that they must *share his work and his sacrifice.* He reveals salvation as the way of the soul, something that we are to share with Him. We have the privilege of working out with Christ His glory of redemption.

I appeal not for a fiery enthusiasm that shall be burned out tomorrow, but for a glow that endures. For these two men, disillusionment was wiped out forever by the shining of the new vision. Men like them Jesus sets at the task of fulfilling His mission.

"Did not our heart burn within us?"

Thus it always is when the Scripture is open to us and our hearts are open to its truth. The way to faith, hope and Christian activity for us is the same way that brought to these men final reality. When *Christ opens to us the Scripture,* we shall *have an experience such as theirs* and shall be sent forth to like tasks.

—Rev. William E. Gilroy, D.D.

MY LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Beyond Milan the Lombard plain glowed opulent under a maternal Italian sun. We skirted an enchanted lake where shimmering islands beckoned the weary traveler to delicious, effortless daydreams. A group of roughly-dressed Swiss workingmen in our third-class compartment, returning from the Italian harvest fields, looked apathetically at all this relaxed golden softness.

Then 20 minutes in darkness under the Simplon Pass. Out again into a sparse, rough country, under an aloof, impersonal gray sky. And all the Switzers leaped to their feet, their eyes shining, and crowded to the windows. Stretching out welcoming arms toward dark slate

roofs and frowning rocky slopes, "Brig!" they cried tenderly, "Ah, Brig!" and beat each other on the back in the joy of their return.

That was many years ago, but the remembered emotion of those craggy-faced mountaineers often rings an answering bell deep in my heart. Not that I have any particular yearning for the actual town of Brig. I spent a couple of hours there once waiting for a railroad connection and, though I found it mildly interesting, never am I likely to repeat the visit. But Brig is a symbol: the Land of Heart's Desire.

Time and time again I have tried to discover where I think and feel my true Land of Heart's Desire is located. At first blush there seem to be many Garden Spots of the Universe. My higher centres are filled with a fine old ideal of being a citizen of the world, at home in many lands, savoring the special quality of each night's resting place, never finding fault because things aren't different from the way they are, always ready to live and let live.

I have been happy in so many places that it seems almost as if one part of the world (outside cities) is just about as good as another. No, that's not quite honest. I can't understand how anyone can be satisfied with a flat country or one without grass and clear-running brooks. Mountains, in my humble opinion, are essential to real felicity. Snow mountains —if you insist on perfection—with spruce forests, and on the lower slopes green pastures and big, white cows with tinkling bells.

I know a path that climbs and climbs for hours, and at the end you come face to face with the indescribable glory of the Mont Blanc Massif. And another on which you plod up and up between the huts of kindly, unshaven, half-savage goatherds, until suddenly you look over the green paradise of Saint Sauveur, with its rock wall rising to the Brèche-de-Roland. Again, beyond Grotli you come to a black lake cold with perpetual ice and think of Beowulf and Grendel. Switzerland, the Pyrenees, Norway! Yes, I admit it is good to travel and see the world.

But it is better to stay at home. Yes, in spite of my clear knowledge that what we call mountains in New England are hardly more than low, undistinguished hills. Here I find something that all the rest of the universe lacks—even the great show places, the Grand Canyon, the Matterhorn, Niagara. They are wonderful; they stun my eyes, but after I have passed on I do not miss them much. I remember them in the way that I remember once having seen a reigning stage beauty or a king, magnificent in his coronation robes.

Love is a homelier thing than that and, to be loved, a countryside—like a man or a woman—has to be lived with through long, tranquil, happy years, until it is a part of you, and you of it. Until the rocks and trees are no longer looked at from the outside, appraised, compared with others, but taken for granted like brothers or cousins. That is the secret of home loving: a looking from the inside. And that —I understand it now—is what my Switzers felt when they saw Brig. No wonder I, an outlander, found nothing there but just another undistinguished hill town.

So after all there is no use whatever in describing my home country, since you would need my eyes to see it as I do: In spring, with the voices of countless tinkling waterfalls, with the first faint green of the birch leaves, and the lambs bleating as they totter about on the squashy meadows. In October, blazing with red and orange. In January, with the soft snowflakes falling, falling endlessly. On a dazzling February afternoon, the sky dark blue, all the world cold, white, immaculate. Then as the sun sinks, a twilight softness, a rose-and-violet afterglow on the snow-covered hills, the tracery of hardwood twigs patterned against the sky, the hiss of the powder snow in the wake of my skis as I slip homeward, my blood racing, my lungs delighting in the icy oxygen, my heart full to overflowing with beatitude just at being alive.

—*Condensed from The Forum.*

Be not simply good, be good for something. —*Thoreau.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

The Department wishes to emphasize again that anyone considering a *regular correspondent* should get in touch with the local *Cheerful Letter* chairman, who will in turn contact this Department. The records are kept by branches, not individuals in Alliance branches.

Easter comes this month and it is a time for great rejoicing. Rejoicing for us because we have kept Lilian Freeman Clarke's vision ever before us; a vision which never becomes real, but always remains an ideal towards which we work. Easter cards, or Easter bunnies to the children of correspondents, are pleasant reminders of this season, as are also scrapbooks containing pictures of colored flowers or of the Life of Christ.

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents.*

1. Mrs. Bessie Revis, R. 1, Dayton, Tenn., is 21 years old and writes for a correspondent because she finds it so lonely since her only sister married. She makes her home with her parents.

2. I am the mother of 4 little girls, ages 4 to 10. We are very lonely and blue, having lost our daddy and husband recently. I thought if some one would correspond with me regularly it would show that somebody cared. Mrs. Emma Barr, R. 1, Athens, Tex.

3. Mrs. Nora Brown, Nail, Ark., is 25 years old and has a boy, age 9. We have very little information about the family other than the neighborhood is made up of small farms and that Mrs. Brown wishes a regular correspondent.

4. My husband and I are neither able to work and have 3 grown children. We live in a lonely community and we are both members of the Primitive Baptist Church but don't get to go often. We would appreciate being cheered along by your Society in the way of a letter now and then. Mrs. Hattie Durham, R. 1, B. 20, Price, N. C.

5. I was glad to get the Enrollment Blank and I will tell you about myself. I am a widow with 1 child. My age is 19

and the boy is 10 months. I live with my father and mother but I have to stay at home lots, so I would enjoy corresponding with someone. I love to sew and read. Mrs. Bertha J. Evans, Hattieville, Ark.

6. Mrs. Dent Parks, Grant, Va., is 53 years old and has a grown boy, age 21, and 2 girls, ages 11 and 14. She is not in very good health and thinks a regular correspondent would cheer her up a bit. The girls are particularly interested in puzzles, postcards and ribbons.

7. I haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* for 7 long years and now I wonder if someone will write to me and my husband again. We did so enjoy the good letters for they kept us in touch with the outside world. I am 45 years old and have 3 girls, ages 11, 13 and 19. We are renters having the usual hard luck. Mrs. James Thomas, R. 2, Riceville, Tenn.

8. Miss Sarah J. Traywick, R. 3, Marshville, N. C., will be delighted to receive monthly letters from some *Cheerful Letter* worker. She is 68 years old and lives alone way out in the country. Her only sister is 5 miles away but owing to lack of convenience she has no way of reaching her home or even attending Church service. She feels she deserves a little cheer real soon.

9. Mrs. Andrew Trevey, B. 212, Big Island, Va., lives in a small village and consequently finds life very lonely. She is 57 years old and has 8 grown children. A regular correspondent is her desire.

10. I have heard a great deal about the happiness you give to others through a regular correspondence so I want my name on that list. I am 43 years old and have 3 girls, 11, 12 and 23. During the winter we don't get out much so we spend our spare moments quilting and reading. Spring will soon be here and I hope a nice correspondent comes with it. Mrs. Ethel M. Wann, R. 4, Wills Point, Tex.

APPEALS

These Appeals are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time.

1. Mrs. Fannie V. Handy, R. 1, Atkins, Va., says this is the first time she has ever asked for an Appeal but owing to moving to a new location and being a widow with 3 children she is hopeful that some of our workers will send a little sunshine into her home. The family will enjoy any kind of reading and Mrs. Handy never has enough quilting material.

2. I would appreciate quilt pieces and books for the children. I have 4, ages 8, 6, 4 and 1. I live in the mountains of Virginia. The Department suggests some Easter cheer for the children. Mrs. Lillian Stamper, R. 1, Whitetop, Va.

3. I am the mother of 3 small children, 2 boys and 1 girl, and live in the mountains of Arkansas. We are only renters and on account of the drought this year hardly made anything at all. I would like sewing material, quilt scraps or magazines very much as I get awful blue and lonely as one of my babies is in poor health and I can't go at all. Mrs. Lucille Graham, Crabtree, Ark.

4. Mrs. Vira Bridwell, R. 1, Decatur, Tenn., appears to be a very religious woman and hopes to hear from some other Christian women in the way of reading material. She feels she will be on the right road if accepted as a member of the Exchange.

5. I am a lonely married woman with 3 children, ages 4, 6 and 10. I would like to join your cheerful bond because I like good reading, embroidery and crocheting. We live in the Ozark mountains and my husband is off at work most all the time. A little Easter cheer would please the youngsters, I know. Mrs. Dewey Horn, Tilly, Ark.

6. Mrs. Walter Rogland, Tilly, Ark., wants membership in the Society, too, so this number gives her that pleasure. Will someone please send her some reading and knitting material?

7. I have been a member of the Exchange for several years but haven't heard from anyone lately so I want to renew my membership. I have 3 girls, ages 5 months, 4 and 7 years. I would be thankful for anything for the children and thread and scrapbooks for myself.

Mrs. Boyce Stegall, R. 2, Marshville, N. C.

8. Mrs. Albert J. Ward, Wallace, N. C., hopes to be remembered at Easter time. She also asks to see a copy of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.*

9. Thought I would write you to say I am a girl of 17 years of age, mother dead and don't know anything about my father. I sure am lonely! I am staying with some people here who are very good to me but get so lonesome because this is a backway place. I go to Sunday School but if someone would send me some reading or sewing it would brighten the Easter season for me. Miss Bonnie West, Ten Mile, Tenn.

10. Mrs. Harvey Hayes, Konnarock, Va., has 5 children, 3 boys, ages 12, 14 and 18, and 2 girls, ages 10 and 16. Their home is also in a mountain region so, as usual, life seems pretty lonesome. She makes her own quilts and needs more pieces and the children hope the Easter bunny will arrive.

IN MEMORIAM

Word has come from Mrs. John Martin, Buffalo Ridge, Va., that Lemuel, one of her two crippled boys, died December 28, 1936. Her friends will sympathize with her in her loss.

Mrs. Laura Hale Spalding, Nashua, N. H.
February 7, 1937.

IN JERUSALEM — AT THE SCENE OF THE FIRST EASTER

(As told by Dr. Henry Van-Dyke in his book, "Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land.")

"We ought to go again to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Lady in a voice of dutiful reminder; "we have not half seen it." So we went down to the heart of Jerusalem and entered the labyrinthine shrine.

The motley crowd in the paved quadrangle in front of the double-arched doorway were buying and selling, bickering and chaffering and chattering as usual. Within the portal, on a slightly raised platform to the left, the Turkish guardians of the holy places and keepers of the peace between Christians were seated among their rugs and cushions, impassive, indolent, dignified, drinking their coffee or smoking their tobacco, conversing gravely or counting the amber beads of their comboloios. The Sultan owns the Holy Sepulchre; but he is a liberal host and permits all factions of Christendom to visit it and celebrate their rites in turn, provided only they do not beat or kill one another in their devotions. We saw his silent sentinels of tolerance scattered in every part of the vast, confused edifice.

The interior was dim and shadowy. Opposite the entrance was the Stone of Unction, a marble slab on which it is said the body of Christ was anointed when it was taken down from the cross. Pilgrim after pilgrim came kneeling to this stone, and bending to kiss it, beneath the Latin, Greek, Armenian and Coptic lamps which hang above it by silver chains.

The Chapel of the Crucifixion was on our right, above us, in the second story of the church. We climbed the steep flight of stairs and stood in a little room, close, obscure, crowded with lamps and icons and candelabra, incrusted with ornaments of gold and silver, full of strange odors and glimmerings of mystic light. There, they told us, in front of that rich altar was the silver star which marked the place in the rock where the Holy Cross stood. And on either side of it were the sockets which received the crosses of the two thieves. And a few feet away, covered by a brass slide, was the cleft in the rock which was made by the earthquake. It was lined with slabs of reddish marble and looked nearly a foot deep.

Priests in black robes and tall, cylindrical hats, and others with brown robes, rope girdles and tonsured heads, were coming and going around us. Pilgrims were climbing and descending the stairs, kneeling and murmuring unintelligible devotions, kissing the star and the cleft in the rock and the icons. Underneath us, though we were supposed to stand on the hill called Golgotha, were the offices of the Greek clergy and the Chapel of Adam.

We went around from chapel to chapel: into the opulent Greek cathedral, where they show the "Centre of the World"; into the bare little Chapel of the Syrians, where they show the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathaea; into the Chapel of the Apparition, where the Franciscans say that Christ appeared to His mother after the resurrection. There was sweet singing in this chapel and a fragrant smell of incense. We went into the Chapel of Saint Helena, underground, which belongs to the Greeks; into the Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, which belongs to the Armenians. We were impartial in our visitation, but we did not have time to see the Abyssian Chapel, the Coptic Chapel of Saint Michael, nor the Church of Abraham, where the Anglicans are allowed to celebrate the Eucharist twice a month.

The centre of all this maze of creeds, ceremonies and devotions is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, a little edifice of precious marbles, carved and gilded, standing beneath the great dome of the church, in the middle of a rotunda surrounded by marble pillars. We bought and lighted our waxen tapers, and waited for a lull in the stream of pilgrims to enter the shrine. First we stood in the vestibule with its tall candelabra; then in the Angels' Chapel, with its fifteen swinging lamps, making darkness visible; then, stooping through a low doorway, we came into the tiny chamber, six feet square, which is said to contain the rock-hewn tomb in which the Saviour of the World was buried.

Mass is celebrated here daily by different Christian sects. Pilgrims, rich and poor, come hither from all parts of the habitable globe. They kneel beneath the three-and-forty pendent lamps of gold and silver. They kiss the worn slab of marble which covers the tombstone, some of them smiling with joy, some of them weeping bitterly, some of them with quiet, business-like devotion, as if they were performing a duty. The priest of their faith blesses them, sprinkles the relics which they lay on the altar with holy water, and one by one the pilgrims retire backward through the low portal.

I saw a Russian peasant, sad-eyed, wrinkled, bent with many sorrows, lay his cheek silently on the tombstone with a look on his face as if he were a child leaning against his mother's breast. I saw a little bare-foot boy of Jerusalem, with big, serious eyes, come quickly in, and try to kiss the stone; but it was too high for him, so he kissed his hand and laid it upon the altar. I saw a young nun, hardly more than a girl, slender, pale, dark-eyed, with a noble Italian face, shaken with sobs, the tears running down her cheeks, as she bent to touch her lips to the resting-place of the Friend of Sinners.

This, then, is the way in which the craving for penitence, for reverence, for devotion, for some utterance of the nameless thirst and passion of the soul leads these pilgrims. This is the form in which the divine mystery of sacrificial sorrow and death appeals to them, speaks to their hearts and comforts them.

Could any Christian of whatever creed, could any son of woman with a heart to feel the trouble and longing of humanity, turn his back upon that altar? Must I not go away from that little room as the others had gone, with my face toward the stone of remembrance, stooping through the lowly door?

And yet—and yet in my deepest heart I was thirsty for the open air, the blue sky, the pure sunlight, the tranquillity of large and silent spaces.

The Lady went with me across the crowded quadrangle into the cool, clean, quiet German Church of the Redeemer. We climbed to the top of the lofty bell tower.

Jerusalem lay at our feet, with its network of streets and lanes, archways and convent walls, domes small and great—the black Dome of the Rock in the centre of its wide inclosure, the red dome and the green dome of the Jewish synagogues on Mount Zion, the seven gilded domes of the Russian Church of Saint Mary Magdalen, a hundred tiny domes of dwelling-houses, and right in front of us the yellow dome of the Greek "Centre of the World"

and the black dome of the Holy Sepulchre.

The quadrangle was still full of people buying and selling, but the murmur of their voices was faint and far away, less loud than the twittering of the thousands of swallows that soared and circled, with glistening of innumerable blue-black wings and soft sheen of white breasts, in the tender light of sunset above the facade of the gray old church.

Westward the long ridge of Olivet was bathed in the rays of the declining sun.

Northward, beyond the city gate, the light fell softly on a little rocky hill, shaped like a skull, the ancient place of stoning for those whom the cruel city had despised and rejected and cast out. At the foot of that eminence there is a quiet garden and a tomb hewn in the rock. Rosemary and rue grow there, roses and lilies; birds sing among the trees. Is not that little rounded hill, still touched with the free light of heaven, still commanding a clear outlook over the city to the Mount of Olives—is not that the true Golgotha, where Christ was lifted up?

As we were thinking of this we saw a man come out on the roof of the Greek "Centre of the World," and climb by a ladder up the side of the huge dome. He went slowly and carefully, yet with confidence, as if the task were familiar. He carried a lantern in one hand. He was going to the top of the dome to light up the great cross for the night. We spoke no word, but each knew the thought that was in the other's heart.

Wherever the crucifixion took place, it was surely in the open air, beneath the wide sky, and the cross that stood on Golgotha has become the light at the centre of the world's night.

MARCH WIND

By Ruth Melick Griffith

March Wind is a broom,
Biggest I've seen,
Sweeping the sidewalks
Till they are clean;
Brushing the garden,
Piling leaves high,
Whisking the dust-clouds
Up to the sky.

SPENDING MONEY

Children should be taught to save a reasonable part of their allowance, and should also be taught the value of wise spending. The Federal Children's Bureau has recently made some important findings which lead them to offer parents some good advice on the subject.

In the first place, every child should be given a regular weekly allowance large enough to provide him money for school lunch, recreation, and savings. He should be taught to keep within this allowance at all times, and yet to purchase wisely such articles as books, tablets, toys, and tools. This allowance should be increased as the child grows older, but never should he be allowed to beg or tease for more. The fundamental value of an allowance is to enable the child to keep within it.

In some cases, the child will at first be extravagant in spending his money. Then is the time for the parent to be firm. He should not come to the child's aid with an extra coin. Children must learn — as many adults have learned in the last two years—that denial must follow extravagance.

Some parents make the mistake of paying a child for duties which he ought to perform without pay. Such duties include brushing his teeth, taking his bath, making his own bed, cleaning up his playthings. Each child should have regularly assigned duties, non-paying, which he is morally responsible for, the same as an adult would be.

A child should be encouraged to do extra duties for extra money. This desire will develop initiative, ambition, and sense of responsibility. One clever mother devised this plan: She agreed to pay each boy 5 cents a day for performing certain duties. If he failed to do so, he was required to pay her 5 cents out of his weekly allowance. The plan worked admirably.

A child should never be paid more than the job is worth. One mother wisely protested to a neighbor who habitually overpaid the neighborhood boys for yard work. She argued that the boys were

becoming so spoiled that they were unwilling to work for a fair wage even for their mother.

On the other hand, the parent should not permit his child to do any work that is physically harmful, such as heavy lifting and working in unsanitary buildings. Similarly, a child should never be allowed to work in surroundings where he is exposed to wrong or degenerating influences. A junk yard where crude, rough-speaking men congregate is certainly not a happy environment for a developing child.

Children should never be "tipped" for doing a good deed, for "being good," or for doing some courteous service for their elders. The reason here is obvious: courtesy, like goodness, is its own remuneration.

It is not enough to teach a child to save; teach him rather to save for a specific purpose. A new bicycle, book, tool chest—these are the goals that make saving attractive and worth while. Occasionally he will squander all his money at one throw. Then do not reimburse him. Let him learn the folly of spending all his money at once and then going into debt to buy something that he wants.

Parents should teach the child to save and care for those things that money buys; to bring his bicycle in out of the rain; to return books and toys to their places and not leave them out in the yard where the dog may destroy them or the neighbor's children carry them home. A child should be taught to care for all his personal property.

A child develops unselfishness by being taught to give. He should be encouraged to give a part of his allowance to Sunday school, to the needy, or to other worthy causes. Likewise, he should give away to poorer children the old toys that he has outgrown or discarded. The maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," applies to children as well as to adults.

Frequently, parents set up thrift ideals for their children which they do not themselves practice. The spendthrift, extravagant parent is a poor example for the growing child, who is apt to learn and copy his parent's weaknesses. After all, the best teaching is good example; and if parents expect to have thrifty yet wisely generous children, they themselves must practice what they teach.

In brief, then, parents will find these thrift rules helpful in directing the lives of their children:

1. Give the child a fixed allowance.
2. Let him experience the denial that follows extravagance.
3. Teach him not to expect extra pay for the duties he ought to perform.
4. Encourage him to earn extra money for extra work.
5. Do not permit him to do harmful or degrading work.
6. Do not "tip" him for being good or courteous.
7. Teach him to save for a definite purpose.
8. Teach him to save and care for those things that cost money.
9. Help him to realize the importance of giving, as well as spending and saving.
10. Remember that the parents' example in financial matters is the child's best teacher.

—The Christian Science Monitor.

EASTER STYLES

By Emilie Henderson

Murmurs the big box-elder,
"Spring fashion sheets declare,
For Easter, a profusion
Of tassels we should wear."

"For Easter trimming," ripples
The brooklet as it passes,
"Fringe is in style; my banks wear
A fringe of soft green grasses."

"The newest Easter bonnets,"
Miss Pussy Willow purrs,
"Are small and quite close-fitting,
Gray-green and soft as furs."

Gay laugh the children, "Ours are
The sweetest Easter styles;
We wear glad faces trimmed in
The brightest of bright smiles."

—Clipped.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SPIRIT COUNTS

By Bert G. Mitchell

"I don't see any use in going to the Russian church when I can't understand a word they're talking about," complained Mary Nordling to her mother one Sunday.

"One time there were a lot of people," began her mother soothingly, "who kept insisting that they had to go to a certain place to worship. The Great Teacher told them that it wasn't necessary to go to that particular place. He said that the main thing was to worship in spirit and in truth."

"But this is different, somehow, Mother, old dear," continued Mary. "We're so very far from home and I'm just plain homesick for familiar things."

"I can fully sympathize with you, Mary. You know I have traveled in many places with your father. I have worked out a plan that maybe will help you. When I am in a strange place and have to go to a strange church, I say to myself that here are a lot of people around me worshiping God in their own way. Everything is reverent and beautiful about me, the people are singing and praying. When their choir sings one of their great hymns, I hum very softly to myself one of our own familiar hymns. My hymn does for me what the choir singing does for them.

"In a Russian church, many people are softly humming to themselves or even singing the words to themselves as the choir sings. If a person wants to kneel down and pray, or whisper Scripture verses to himself, no one pays any attention to him. So I do those things in my own way and get a lot of good out of them."

By very special permission the United States government had allowed Mary and her mother to accompany Mr. Nordling to Omsk in Siberia. Mr. Nordling had been sent there to represent the United States on a very important mission.

Mary was thoroughly enjoying the exciting atmosphere of the city. Being under special protection as the daughter of an official of the United States government, she felt no fears whatever. She and her mother visited the many historic places in the city. They also walked about, trying to observe as much as possible of the life of the city.

On the Thursday after the conversation with her mother about the Russian church, Mary came into the dining-room from her daily walk.

"Mother, the little Russian girl Tanya Pavlova, who speaks English you know, just came and asked me if she had done anything against me. It surprised me very much. I didn't know the Russians were so sensitive. I assured her that she hadn't. She seemed very pleased and thanked me and then went away. What could she have meant?"

"I know what it is. This is Great Thursday of Easter week among the Russians. On this day all the devout Russians go about among their friends to find out if they have quarreled with anyone and have not settled it. If they have offended anyone in this way, they must ask forgiveness so as to be spiritually prepared for the Easter season. Tanya Pavlova just wanted to find out if she had ever done you any wrong."

"How would you like to attend the Easter service at the Russian cathedral this evening?" asked her mother.

"What? Easter service on Saturday evening?" asked the daughter.

"You see, the Russian church observes the Sabbath as beginning at sundown on Saturday evening and continuing until sundown of the next day. So their Easter service begins Saturday evening at about eight o'clock. The first part consists only in the reading of prayers and not so many go at that time. The real service begins at about eleven o'clock and ends at midnight."

"I'd like very much to go and I'm going to try your plan of worshiping in a strange church," said Mary very eagerly.

The time of the service came and since the foreign representatives were attending the service in a body, Mr. Nordling was obliged to leave Mary and her mother

to go to the church alone.

The little Russian droshky in which the two were riding, was halted at about two blocks from the church by a soldier blockading the road with a pointed bayonet. On examining their pass to the service, he allowed them to go on. At the next street corner the pass was demanded again. At the cathedral the pass was taken away for a final scrutiny and then returned.

Just inside the cathedral was a desk at which Mrs. Nordling bought two little yellow wax candles.

"What are those for?" asked Mary, curiously watching her mother.

"Keep this one in your hand until later in the service and you will see."

The choir, hidden in the loft at the rear of the cathedral, burst forth into a magnificent anthem. Mary recognized the word: *Alleluia!* as the sopranos soared in a glorious obligato. Instantly, her mind went back to a little church in a mid-west American town where she had been on many a Sunday. She was in the special Easter choir with many of her friends. The organ began to play and then the congregation and choir sang with one voice: "Christ the Lord is Risen today, Alleluia!" The Russian choir brought her back again.

The wonderful singing of the choir, the kindly pastor-like voice of the bishop as he talked to the people, the fervent praying of the kneeling people began to cast over the willing Mary a reverent and holy spell. Forgetting herself, she knelt and prayed as she had never prayed before.

It was some minutes before she realized that she was in a strange church in a strange land.

The hour was crowding upon midnight, the service was about to come to an end. Mary felt herself in almost complete darkness as the lights of the great cathedral were slowly extinguished.

Only a great candle on the pulpit remained lighted. Mary looked and saw the bishop step up to light his candle from the one on the pulpit. He then turned and lighted the candles of those standing near him. These in turn lighted the candles of those nearby. In this manner the tiny flames were passed from one to the other until finally the candles of Mary and her mother were lighted. Trembling with a feeling of the beauty and significance of it all, Mary turned and lighted the candle of a poorly dressed old woman standing by.

Once more the whole cathedral was ablaze with lights, but this time the soft illumination came from the little candles in the hands of the worshiping throng.

The choir began the glorious anthem, *Christos Voskresse!* (Christ is Risen). Following the ancient Russian custom, the bishop kissed those about him on the platform, saying, "Christ is Risen," to which was responded the words, "He is Risen indeed." Then the whole congregation singled out their friends and greeted them with kisses and the words "Christ is Risen!"

The crowds were so great about the cathedral that Mary and her mother had to wait a long time to get a droshky for the homeward ride. The streets were thronged with crowds celebrating the dawn of Easter Day.

When they reached their apartment, they found a note pinned on their door. It was from their neighbors in the apartment below.

"Come to our Easter breakfast. We await you. The Pavloffs."

"Isn't that nice and friendly of them? Your father has to attend an Easter breakfast given by the government so we won't expect him for some time. Would you like to go, Mary?"

"I surely would, especially since most of the Pavloffs speak English."

The Easter table that greeted the eyes of the two Americans was loaded almost to the breaking point. In the centre was a roasted suckling pig. All about this centerpiece were many kinds of cold meats and salads. The devout Russians had been observing a strict fast during the weeks previous to Easter and this breakfast was really a "break fast."

It was a happy, homelike circle into which the Pavloffs welcomed Mary and her mother.

Once more in their apartment, their minds reverted to the scenes at the cathedral.

"Well, what did you think of the service?" asked the mother.

"It just lifted me up in some way. I am so glad you prepared me for that service, Mother. If you had not talked with me last Sunday as you did, perhaps I would have been interested only in the strangeness of everything."

"When they began lighting the candles, my mind went to that verse that begins: 'Let your light so shine before men.' I got a great inspiration from the service," said the mother.

"I don't know what the lighting of the candles means to the Russians, if it means anything at all to them, but it set me to thinking. As I saw those tiny flames of the candles come nearer to me I thought of the song our Girl Reserves sing at home:

" 'And we who would serve the King
And loyally Him obey,
In the consecrate silence know
That the challenge still sounds today.

" 'Follow, follow, follow the gleam!
Standards of worth o'er all the earth.
Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Of the Light that shall bring the dawn!"

—Courtesy of The Beacon.

AT EASTER

By Ruth M. Griffith

The springtime raptures of a thousand tongues,
From tallest tree to humble sod,
Repeat for us the Easter song of love—
For gladness is the voice of God.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. Harry A. Stevens, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
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ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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